

DELL
COMIC

DECEMBER 1948

10¢

ZANE GREY'S

KING *of the* ROYAL MOUNTED





The Eskimo Kaiak

Most mounted patrols soon get to know and respect their Eskimo neighbors. One of the things they admire is the expertness and beauty of Eskimo craftsmanship. Everything he makes is strongly built. His beloved kaiak is a good example. The Eskimo often stakes his life on the strength of his boat—careless workmanship in a kaiak is impossible to find.

Every bit of driftwood that the Eskimo finds on the beaches or floating in the water is carefully saved and used to make the framework of his kaiak. The builder shapes ribs, keel and gunwhales with a knife and binds them together with caribou hide thongs run through holes drilled in the wood.

Then the Eskimo covers the framework with supple sealskin hide, binding it to the wooden framework with rawhide thongs. When the framework is covered, the skins are coated with seal oil to make them waterproof and protect them from rot. The rawhide bindings shrink when wet and tighten up on the hide, pulling it as tight as a drumhead.

When the boat is ready to go to sea, the Eskimo tests it with extreme caution before he goes on a long voyage. One safety factor is that the canoe boat is decked over with only one small manhole. This hole has a flaring rim. The Eskimo's waterproof parka is draped over the rim and tied in place. The parka is tightly closed around the boatman's neck. As a result, Eskimos can turn completely upside down and right themselves without getting more than their faces wet!



ZANE GREY'S KING

OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

"KING TRAILS THE LOUP GAROU"



THE CREEVILLAGE AIN'T FRIENDLY! A BUNCH OF THEM MET US AS WE LANDED ON FIRST LAKE! TOLD MY PASSENGERS NOT TO BRING THE "MAGIC BOXES"—MEANING BEER COUNTERS—ASHORE, AND BRING BAD LUCK TO THE CREEVILLAGE!



"WELL—MY PASSENGERS DIDN'T SCARE 'THEY PUT THEIR OUFFIE ABOARD---INCLUDING THE SEVEN COUNTERS AND A COLLAPSIBLE CANVAS BOAT."



"THEY LAUGHED WHEN THE INDIANS STARTED TO TALK TOUGH, AND POINT AT THE 'BLACK BOREE'! I THOUGHT THAT TROUBLE WAS GOING TO BREAK OUT RIGHT THEN."



"BUT THE THREE JUST WALKED OFF INTO THE WOODS, MUTTERING SOMETHING ABOUT 'POOP BAROO'! THAT'S THEIR NAME FOR A HOLLOW-INC!"



"—A RIFLE BULLET FIRED FROM THE BUSH PUNCTURED MY FUEL TANK!"



"I DON'T KNOW THAT THERE WAS ANY DAMAGE, UNTIL MY FUEL GAUGES SHOWED THAT I WAS LOSING GASOLINE FAST! FORTUNATELY THE PLANE DIDN'T CATCH FIRE."





"I HAD TO CAMP OUT LAST NIGHT --- TRAMPING OVER
BUSHES SLOWS A MAN'S PROGRESS!"



BUT I DIDN'T GET AS EARLY THIS
MORNING AS I COULD,
INSPECTOR I'M A BIT
WORRIED ABOUT THOSE
THREE BOYS I LEFT AT
SOON AS I,
COLLINS?

THE LAKES!"

"COME, IT'S LIKE YOU TO GET
UP TO WATIKAN LAKES
TODAY AND TRY TO REASON
WITH THOSE CREE..."

"VERY WELL, MR.
I'LL GET OUR
PLANE TO FLT
ME THERE."



---BUT IT MAY TAKE ME A LITTLE TIME TO
CALM THEM. CHIEF TELLANI AND HIS PEOPLE
MAY HAVE A "LOUP GAROU" SCARE THIS PAST
WINTER. THEIR TRAP LINES WERE SPOILED
--- AND ONE CREE WAS REPORTED KILLED
BY A WOLVERINE!"



"THREE HOURS LATER, ABOVE THE NORTHERN
WILDERNESS...

"THERE, FIRST LAKE
HEAD AHEAD, KING!"

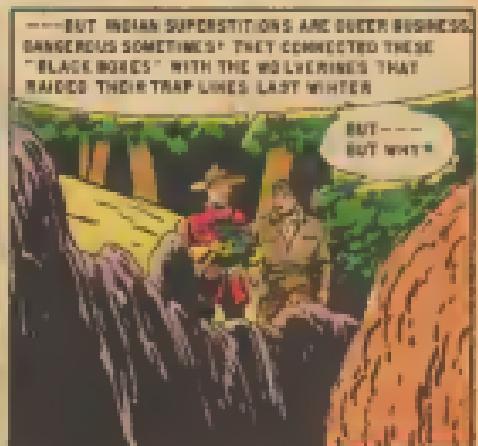
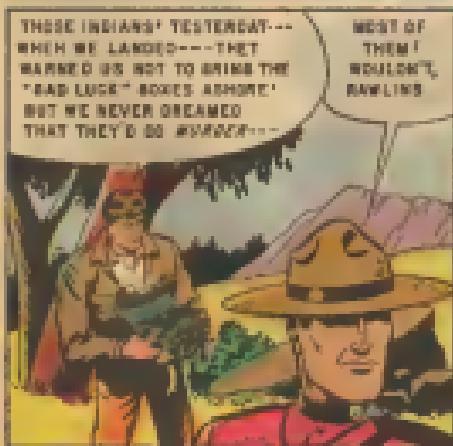
"LOOK FOR A
BOAT, MARLOWE ---
COLLAPSSIBLE
TYRE!"



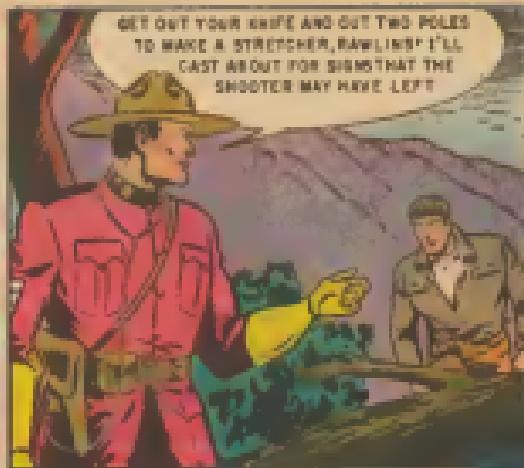


JUST NOW?
SHH!





SOME URANIUM PROSPECTORS TRIED TO WORK THIS REGION LAST FALL, RAWLING. THEY LET THE CREECS LISTEN TO THE "TICKS" OF THEIR SINGER COURTERS, AND THE INDIANS THOUGHT IT WAS "BLACK MAGIC!" THEY ORDERED THE PROSPECTORS TO LEAVE---AND MADE IT STICK! BUT THEN CAME THE WOLVERINES.



GET OUT YOUR KNIFE AND GET TWO POLES
TO MAKE A STRETCHER, RAWLING! I'LL
CAST ABOUT FOR SIGNS THAT THE
SHOOTER MAY HAVE LEFT.

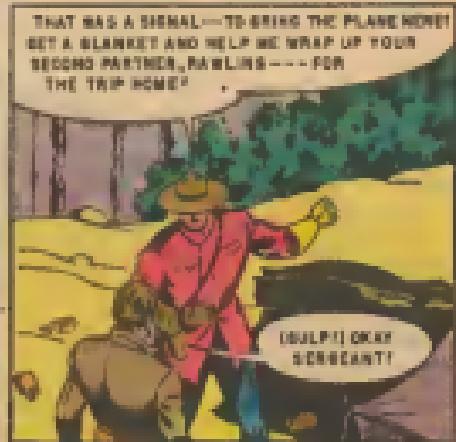
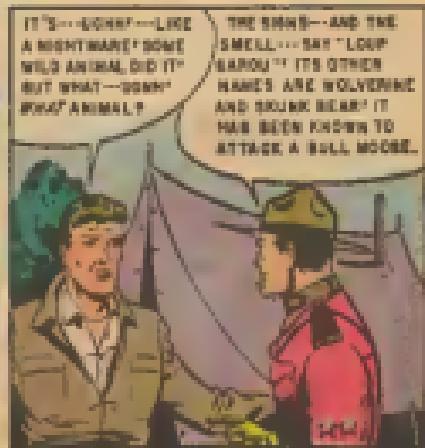
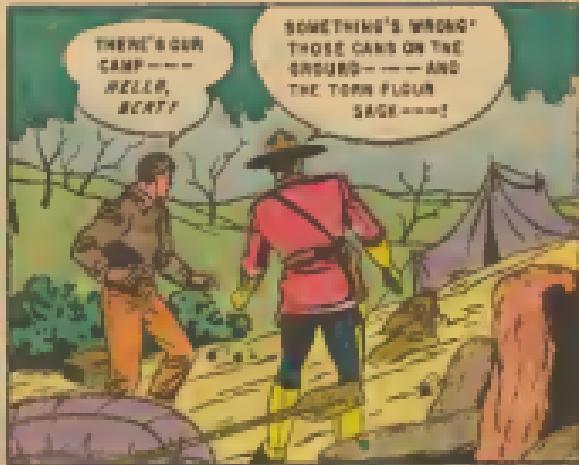
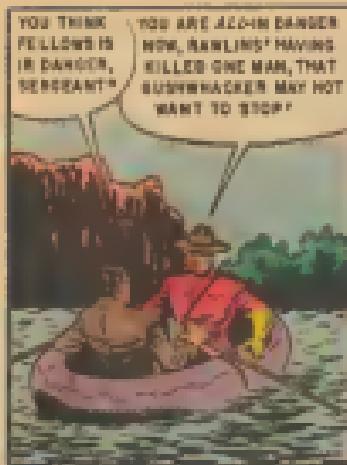
YOU'LL FIND A WAY
TO TRACK DOWN
HARRY'S MURDERER,
WON'T YOU,
SERGEANT?

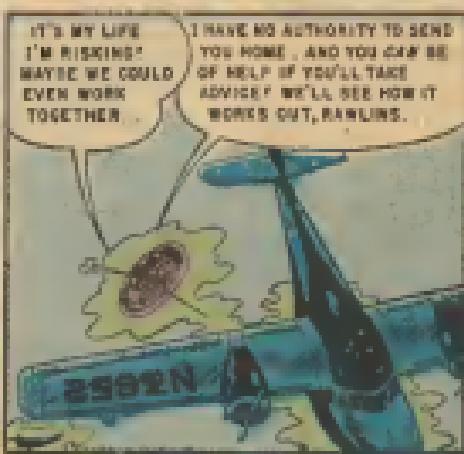
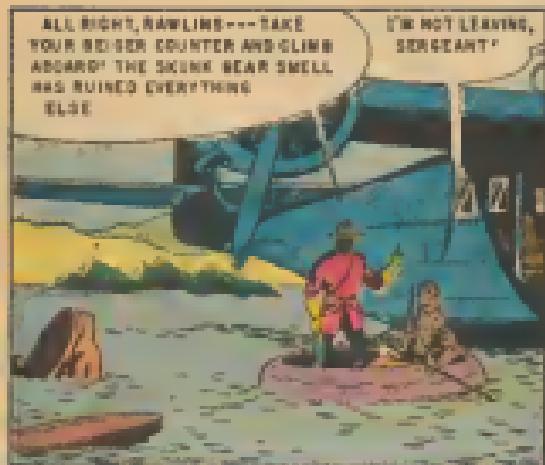
I'LL LEAVE NO
STONE UNTURNED
TO DO THAT! BUT
IT WON'T BE EASY.
INDIANS DON'T
INFORM ON ONE
ANOTHER!

WHAT'S THAT,
SERGEANT---
A DEAD MAN?

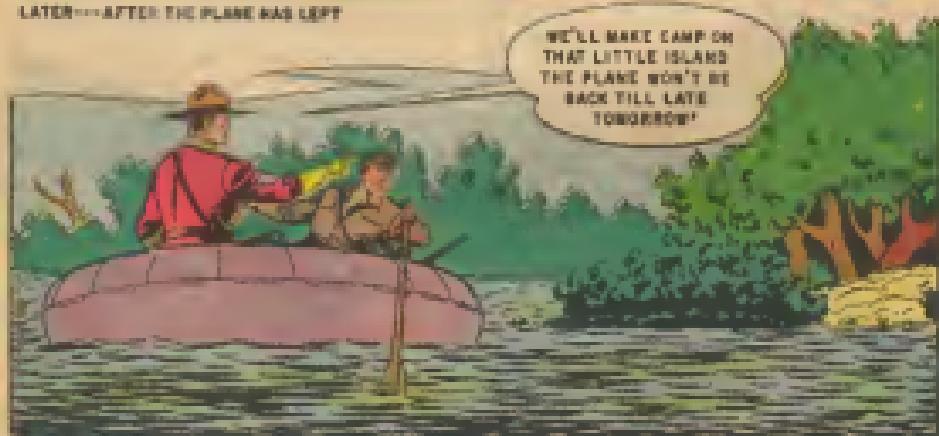
YES, MARLOWE! I'LL
PUT HIM ON BOARD
YOUR PLANE!

---AND YOU'LL HAVE AT
LEAST ONE MORE PASSENGER
FLYING OUT! ANOTHER OF THE
PARTNERS HAS TURNED HIS
HEELS AT THEIR CAMP!





LATER---AFTER THE PLANE HAS LEFT



I SUPPOSE THE
CREEKS ARE
WATCHING US
FROM THE
BUSH

NO DOUBT! BUT IT WON'T BE EASY
TO EASY FOR A KILLER TO COVER
OUR CAMP HERE!



IT'S LUCKY YOU HAD SUPPLIES AND
BLANKETS ABOARD THE PLANE, SERGEANT.
THE "LOU BARON" MADE ALL OUR STUFF
USELESS WITH HIS VILE
SMELL!

I DON'T
DEPEND ON
"LUKE", SAYLING.

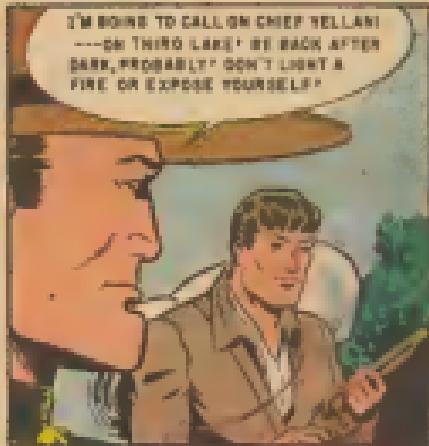


I PLANNED TO CAMP OUT HERE!
NOW, YOU CAN TAKE OUR
SUPPLIES TO A SHELTERED
SPOT ON THIS ISLAND AND
BUILD A BUSH CAMP

BUT YOU---
WHERE ARE
YOU GOING?



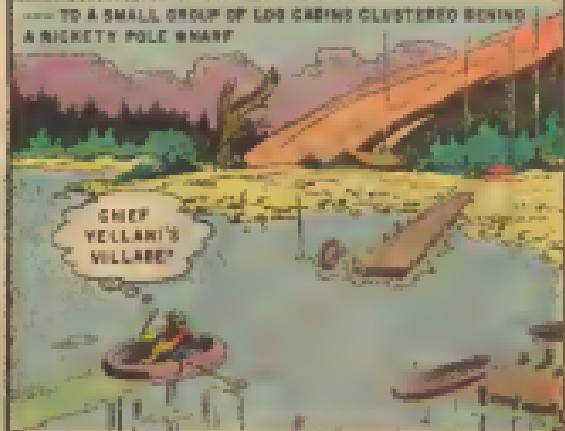
I'M GOING TO CALL ON CHIEF YELLAN
---ON THIRD LAKE. BE BACK AFTER
DARK, PROBABLY. DON'T LIGHT A
FIRE OR EXPOSE YOURSELF!



--- TO A SMALL GROUP OF LOG CABINS CLUSTERED BEHIND
A RICKETY POLE SHACK



WITH SLOW, HAWAIIAN STROKES, HE
DRIVES THE TINY CANOE CRAFT
SKIFFLY DOWN THE GRANDE OF LAKES



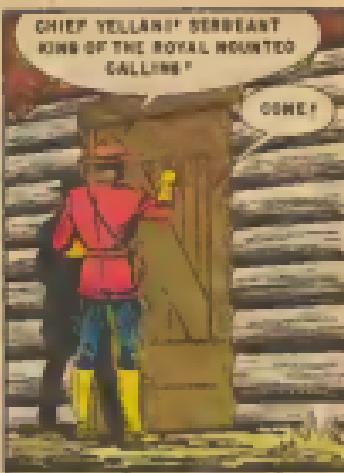
CHIEF
YELLAN'S
VILLAGE!

NOT A SOUL, IN SIGHT---
WHICH MEANS THAT THE
GEEPS AREN'T IN A WELCOMING
MOOD, BUT THEY'RE WATCH-
ING ME, NO DOUBT!



CHIEF YELLANI! SERGEANT
KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED
POLICE!

COME!



THIS BAD LUCK VILLAGE!
YOU COME HERE----
WE'RE YOU CATCH BAD
LUCK, TOO, SERGEANT
KING!

PERHAPS I CAN CHANGE
YOUR LUCK, YELLANI!
BUT I NEED YOUR HELP!



TWO WHITE MEN WERE KILLED TODAY---ONE BY A
MURDERER'S BULLET AND ONE BY THE GLADS OF
A BLAST. YOUR PEOPLE THREATENED BOTH
MEN---"YESTERDAY"

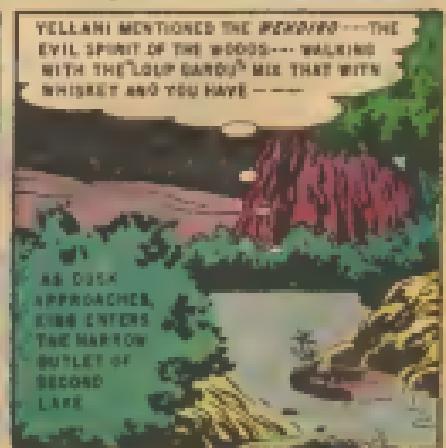
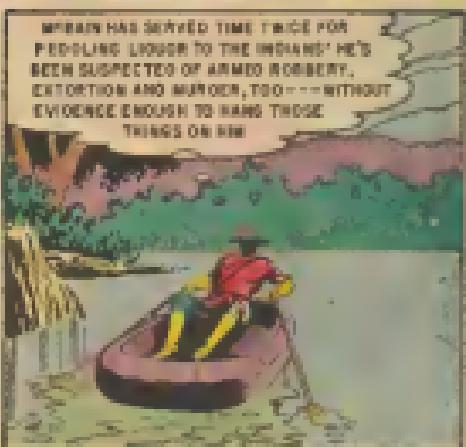


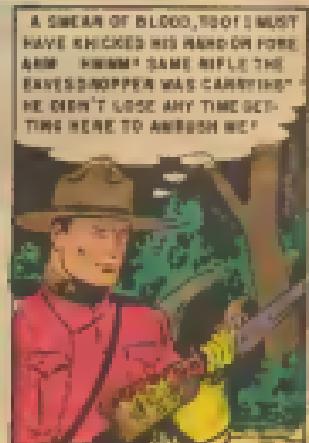
HELP ME FIND THE MURDERER
AND I WILL HELP YOU TO GET
RID OF THE CURSE OF THE
"LOUP GAROU". PROTECT THE
KILLER, AND YOUR PEOPLE
WILL BE IN WORSE
TROUBLE, YELLANI!

WHITE MEN
BRING
CURSE---
"LOUP
GAROU"
KILL
BOTH?









THE MATCH--- AS FAR AS I CAN TELL WITHOUT A MICROSCOPE--- THE GENT IN THE PRIMER OF THIS SHELL HE FIRED AT ME--- AND THE GENT IN THE PRIMER OF THE SHELL THAT KILLED GREEN!



THIS JUST ABOUT PUTS A ROPE AROUND THE NECK OF ONE CAVE-SHOPPER



TWO HOURS LATER--- AS KING HEARS THE LITTLE ISLAND WHERE RAWLINS IS CAMPED

FIRELIGHT! I TOLD THAT TOURMASTER NOT TO BUILD A FIRE! IT WOULD MAKE HIM A PERFECT TARGET --- AFTER DARK!



CLOSE TO THE ISLAND, KING CHANGED HIS GRIPPING OARS FOR THE SILENT PADDLE.

I HAVE A FEELING THAT SOMETHING IS WRONG! SALLY HUNCH, PERHAPS, BUT ---



I WON'T ANNOUNCE MYSELF UNTIL I KNOW

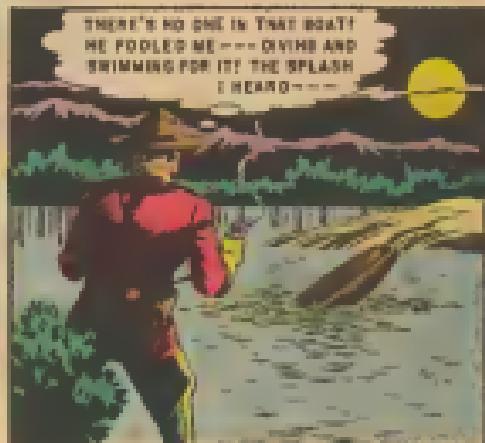


THERE HE IS--- HARBING HIS FIRE! IF I WERE A CREE, OR MURDER GENT



LANDING AT A LITTLE DISTANCE FROM THE FIRELIGHT IN THE TREES, KING STEPS ASHORE WITHOUT A SOUND





SERGEANT
KING: WHAT
ON EARTH---P
MI READS?

SOMEBODY SAW YOUR FIRE
AND ATTACKED YOU, RAWLINS! LUCKY FOR YOU I HAD
JUST ARRIVED

WHAT'S THAT ROTTEN SMELL? THE
SAME SMELL---WHO WE
FOUND MY PARTNER, FELLOWS...?

"LOUP GAROU"
SHE'S SCARY!
WOLVERINE
LOST HERE,
RAWLINS?



HERE IS HIS TRACE---
THE GOLF IMPRINT
OF A WOLVERINE'S PAW!

NOT BUT THAT WASN'T WHAT
KNOCKED ME OUT---OR I'D HAVE
BEEN TORN TO RIBBONS BY THE
CLAWS WHO MADE THAT
JUMPED ME!"



WHAT YOU MEAN---
THAT POOR BOB FELLOWS
WASN'T KILLED BY A
WOLVERINE AT ALL,
BUT BY A---

"A 'LOUP GAROU' IN
HUMAN FORM? YES,
THAT IS WHAT I MEAN,
RAWLINS!"

SO THAT'S THE SCORE? OKAY---
I'LL SET HIM UP WITH JAYE'S GEE
OR WOLVERINE, WHOEVER
KILLED BOB---

IT WASN'T A
GEE WHO
KILLED
FELLOWS!"



A CREE WOULD NEVER USE ANIMALS
SCENT--- MUCH LESS THE STINK OF AN
ANIMAL TO CONCEAL HIS CRIMES! BREED'S
MURDER WAS SOMETHING ELSE . . .

AND I BELIEVE I HAVE THE
RIFLE THAT WAS USED TO KILL
HIM IN YOUR CANOE BOAT...

BUT "NOT MY RIFLE"
THAT'S RIGHT IN MY
HAND



SUDDENLY, OUT OF THE DARK WATER--CLASH! CLASH AT ONE'S

...AHOH....?



DROPPING SILENTLY BENEATH THE SURFACE,
BIRD ATTACKS---THE LAST THING THAT
HIS FOE EXPECTED!



BENEATH THE SURFACE, IN COLD AND DARKNESS, THE
SILENT STRUGGLE CONTINUES, UNTIL---

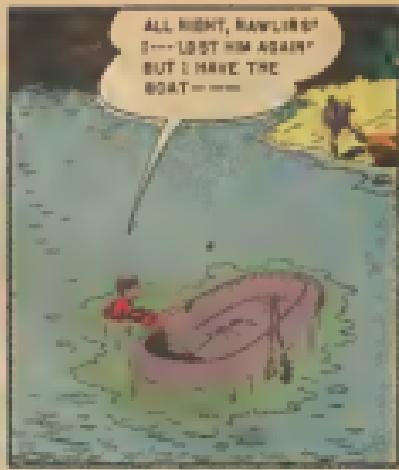


---WITH A TRICKY
THRUST OF POWERFUL
LEGS, THE "LOOP BARDU"
BREAKS FREE!



...AND STROKES AWAY WITHOUT BREAKING
SURFACE!







NO, THAT'S NOT THE ANSWER, RAWLINS. THE WHOLE BUSINESS FALLS INTO TOO LOGICAL A PATTERN! EVERYTHING'S BEEN PLANNED TO WORK THE GREEKS UP TO WHERE THEY'LL KEEP STRANGERS OUT AT ANY COST!

---ESPECIALLY STRANGERS WITH MONEY! COUNTLESS 'MAYBE' MISTER 'LOUP BAROU' HAS MADE A URANIUM STRIKE THAT HE WANTS TO KEEP TO HIMSELF! HUH, SERGEANT?

MAYBE IT BETTER NO TO SLEEP I'LL DROWSE WITH ONE EAR OPEN!





UNTIL I SIGNAL YOU WITH THREE SPACED SHOTS FROM SHOTGUN, THEN COME! I MAY BE IN A BIG HURRY



OBVIOUSLY IT'S WHY KIDS HAVE TO BE SO DECEPTIVE! HE MIGHT HAVE TOLD ME WHERE HE WAS GOING TO HUNT FOR WILDLIFE



I'LL BET MY THEORY IS RIGHT



--- THAT THE REASON FOR ALL THIS "LOUP-GAROU" STUFF IS SPANNING' INSEAS, OR THIS "LOUP-GAROU" TELLER, HAS FOUND BONE-HOT ROCK



--- AND HE AIMED TO LOCATE THE BEST CLAIMS BEFORE ANYBODY ELSE DOES--- IF IT TAKES A MASSACRE! I'LL BET KING HAS THE SAME IDEA---



--- ONLY HE JAMS TO CATCH THE "LOUP-GAROU" HIMSELF, WHILE I PLAY WITH A PUMPKIN! IT WAS SMART TO MAKE THE WATCHERS THINK WE'RE BOTH ON THIS LITTLE ISLAND --- THEY WON'T BOTHER ME IN DAYLIGHT! BUT / WANT ACTION? I CAN GO SOME HUNTING MYSELF!



MEANTIME, ON ONE OF THE HILLS THAT ENCLOSE THREE LAKES...

THAT'S WHAT I HOPE TO SEE... THIS SMOKE FROM A DRI-WOOD FIRE...



IT'S THE ONLY SMOKE BESESIDE WHAT IS RISING FROM THE GREEVILLAGE. THIS ONE IS BORN IN A PATCH OF ROCK, NOT FAR FROM SECOND LAKE.



PROBABLY MCBAUM---IF HE IS THE LOUD GARDUILLER---IS HAVING HIS FIRE AFTER LAST NIGHT'S COLD SWIM. WELL, SEE



AN HOUR LATER...

THE PLACE IS WELL HIDEN' IF IT IS MCBAUM'S WOODS...



MCBAUM HEY! I

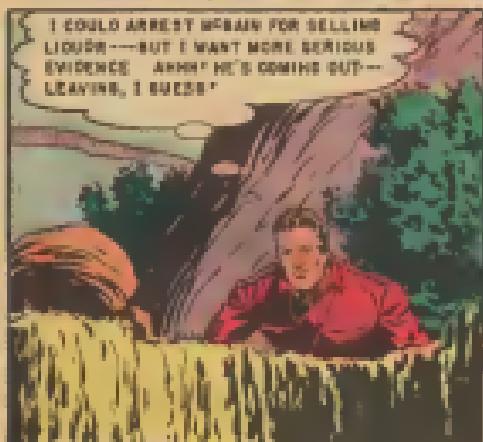
SHO'D THE CAVESKODUPPER AND BUSHWHACKER I CHASED YESTERDAY!

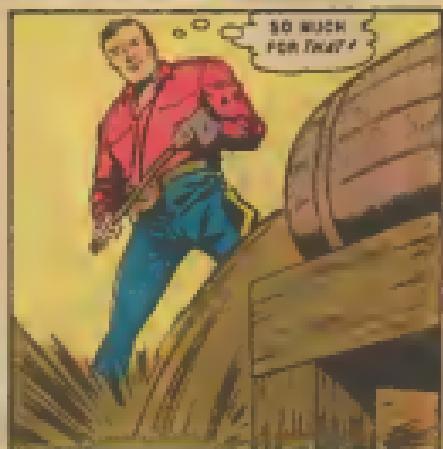
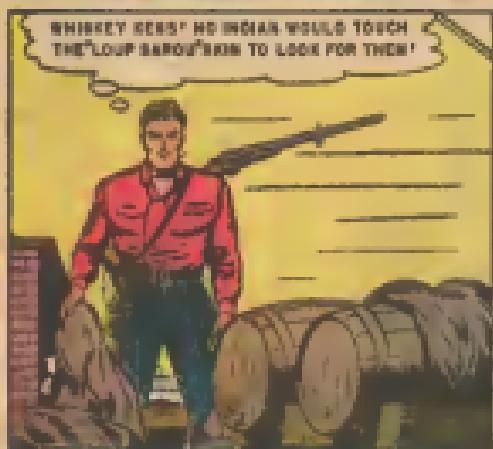
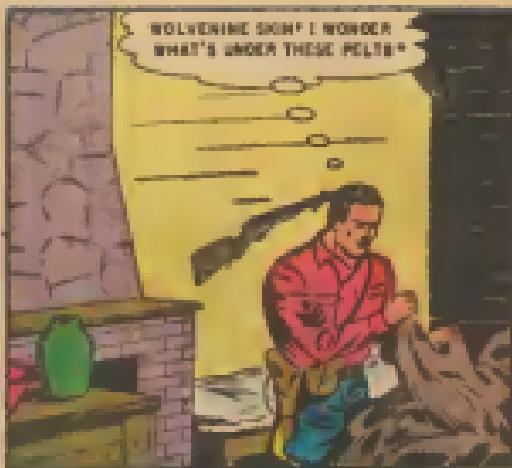


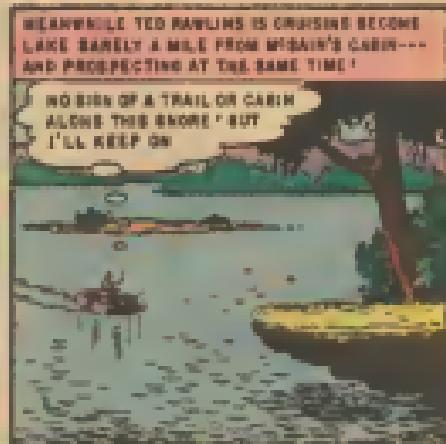
YOU -- KNOWIN' WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR HAND?

I FALL ON ROCKS --- MUST RIFLE! YOU SELL ME 'MOTHER?









BOON JAY! WHAT A CLAIM I'LL MAKE HERE! THE HOT STUFF GOES
RIGHT BACK TO THE WOODS----BOON! MAYBE I'VE FOUND MISTER
"LOUP GARGOU" SECRET STASH----!



BUT THE "LOUP GARGOU" KNOWS
HOW TO TAKE CARE OF SNOOPERS
LIKE YOU, YOUNG-TELLA-ME--
LADY! NOBODY WILL STOP
ME THIS TIME!



---AND WHEN THE CREEPS FIND YOU HERE,
THEY'LL KNOW THE "LOUP GARGOU" HAS BEEN
AROUND, TOO! I'LL LEAVE HIS MARK---

GOOD--
DON'T!



POOF! YOU
BLASTED I
TRUST...

AAAH!
"LOUP
GARGOU"



I'LL FIX
THIS!

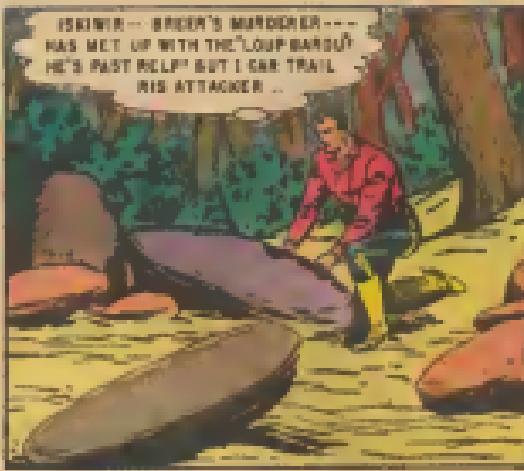
YEAH!



— FIX YOU SO YOU WON'T
BLAB ABOUT WHAT YOU
SAW TO ANYBODY!

STOFFY MIRAH,
"LOUF SAROU"...

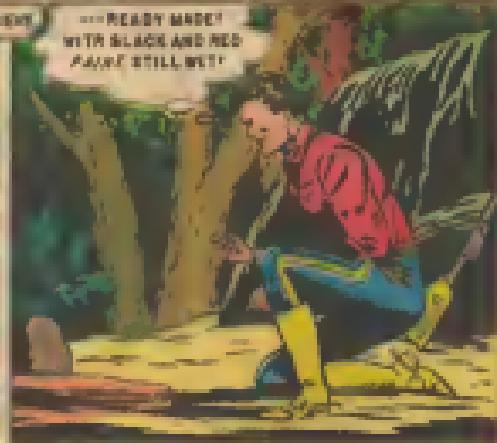




HUMPH! THIS IS A NEW WRENCH! THE CREEK BELIEVE THAT THE DREAMED WEREWOLF LEAVES TRACKS WITH A SPOT OF BLOOD IN THE CENTER---AND HERE THEY ARE



--READY MADE
WITH BLACK AND RED
PAINT STILL WET!

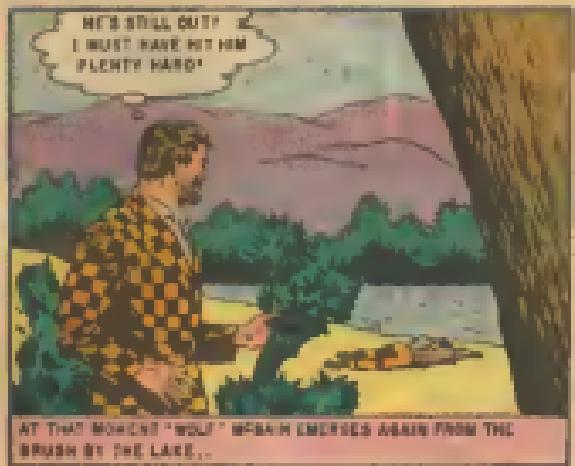


HOW I KNEW WHAT OLD YELLOW MEANT WHEN HE SAID "THE WEREWOLF WALKS WITH THE 'LOUP BAROU' THAT'S STRONG MEDICINE---FOR ANY CREEK!"

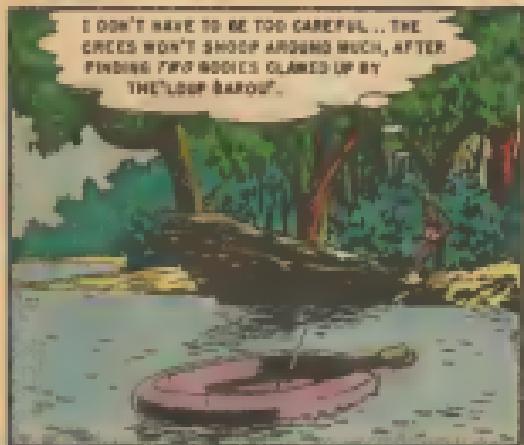


HE LEFT A FLAM TRAIL, KNOWING THAT NO INDIAN WOULD DARE TO FOLLOW HIM! HE CAN'T BE VERY FAR

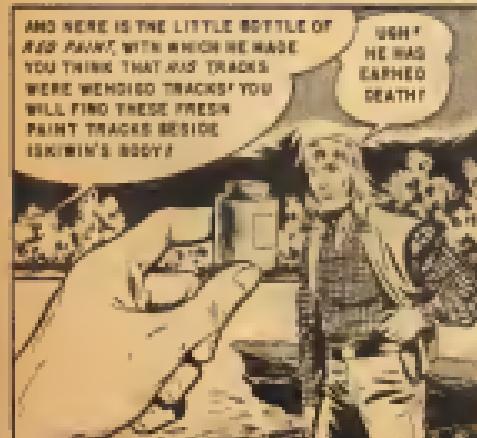
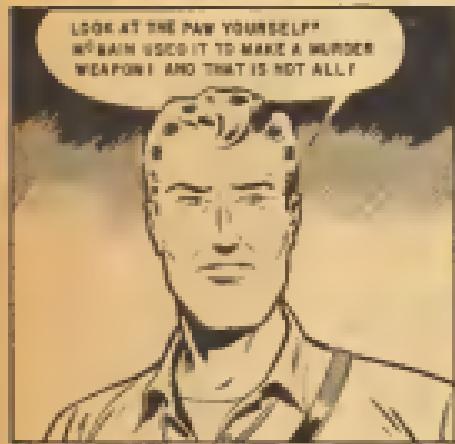
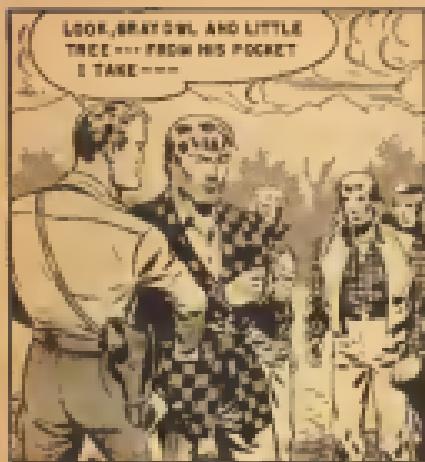




AT THAT MOMENT "WOLF" EBBAH EMERGES AGAIN FROM THE BRUSH BY THE LAKE...







AS FOR THESE BLACK BOLES--- THERE IS NO "MAGIC" IN THEM! ALL THAT IS PART OF MCBAIN'S LIE! THEY ARE JUST MACHINES--- TO FIND THE ROCKS THAT MINERS WILL PAY MONEY FOR!



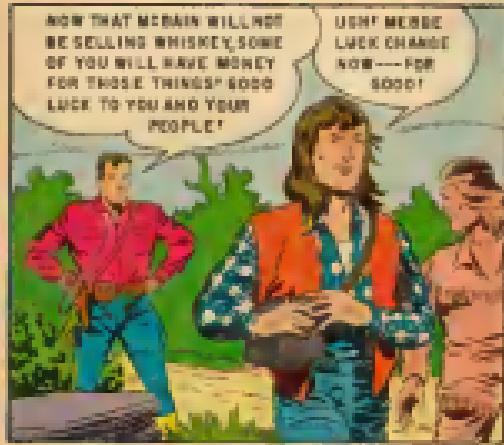
YOU GET ONE THAT IS NOT BROKEN--- AND MAKE MONEY, TOO! EH, BRAY OWL?

UGH! CRIES VEETY POOR! NEED TRAPS--NEED FLOUR!



NOW THAT MCBAIN WILL NOT BE SELLING WHISKEY, SOME OF YOU WILL HAVE MONEY FOR THOSE THINGS! GOOD LUCK TO YOU AND YOUR PEOPLE!

LUCK CHANCE NOW---FOR GOOD!



DISAYF! WHAT HAPPENED TO ME? I JUST LOCATED THE HOTTEST ROCK IN CANADA, WHEN--- ABOVE "KING" WAS IT---UH---?

THE "LONE BATOU'AH" YOU GUessed IT, RAWLING!



THERE HE IS--- READER FOR A TRIP TO JAIL! "WOLF" MCBAIN AND I HEAR THE ENGINE OF MARLOWE'S PLANE, LOOKING FOR US!

SOUP?



JUST GIVE ME TIME TO STAKE OUT A MINER'S CLAIM--- RIGHT HERE --- AND I'LL BE READY TO FLY BACK WITH YOU, SERGEANT! GREAT DAY ---

YES, I GUess IT'S A GREAT DAY FOR YOU, AND THE CRIES OF BATIRAH VALLEY!

